

# THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume II.

JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

Number 29.

## Smoky Hill and Repub'n Union.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT  
JUNCTION, DAVIS Co., KANSAS.  
W. K. BARTLETT, S. M. STRICKLER,  
Proprietors.  
WM. S. BLAKELY, GEO. W. MARTIN,  
Editors and Publishers.

OFFICE IN BRICK BUILDING, CORNER OF  
SEVENTH & WASHINGTON STS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
One copy, one year, \$2.00  
Ten copies, one year, 15.00  
Payment required in all cases in advance.  
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the  
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### THE PATRIOT AND TORY.

A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

It is well known that during the years 1777 and 1778, some of the interior towns of Pennsylvania and New York were the scenes of abominable atrocities; among which may be mentioned the massacres of Wyoming, Cherry Valley and Tappan, the burning of Wilkesbarre and others. These remote villages being utterly defenceless, became an easy prey to the predatory bands of the British troops, always accompanied as they were by a sufficient number of savage Indian allies and Tories, to make sure their work of sanguinary cruelty. But even there, amid the quiet scenes of Nature, remote from the principal line of military operations, even there, the most vindictive foes of American Independence, the most implacable and vengeful haters of the struggling patriots and their cause, the most barbarous and unnatural enemies were the Tories—men born on the soil, yet leagued with their country's oppressors. With these demons in human shape all ties of social attachment were torn asunder; all friendships expunged, and even the laws of consanguinity utterly cast aside. To use the words of a writer of those times: "Having cast their lot with the foes of their country, it seemed as though they thought it necessary, as a proof of loyalty, to surpass even the savages themselves in acts of barbarity and treachery."

At the time of which we write, the village of Wilkesbarre, lying on the east side of the Susquehanna river, a short distance below Wyoming, the scene of Col. Butler's infamous exploit, contained, all told, but twenty-three; yet, like Wyoming, it sent a good quota of men to the ranks of the Continental army. Like Wyoming, too, it harbored a number of Tories; and it was no uncommon thing to see members of the same family engaged in hostile opposition on the great questions of the day. Among the pioneers of that Eden-like spot in the wilderness, was John Crawford, his wife and two sons, William and Henry. They had emigrated from Connecticut; and the old man, having settled his family comfortably in his new paradise, and arranged his temporal affairs prosperously, was gathered to his fathers. He died honored and respected by every inhabitant of the new village, leaving his wife and boys the inheritors of a thriving estate. William, the elder, had just arrived at the age of manhood, when his father died. Henry was about two years younger, and yielded, without a murmur, to the assumed authority of his elder brother, in the affairs of the farm. Thus the affairs of the family went on peaceably and harmoniously until the commencement of the difficulties between the Colonies and the mother country.

Then arose the contest of opinion between patriotism and servility, or, as the Tories denominated it, "rebellion and loyalty," and in that contest none appeared more earnest than our two brothers. Henry was the advocate; William, or, as he was called, "Hiccoughing Bill," caused by a recently acquired habit of visiting the village "still-house" very often, took sides with the crown, and was frequently heard to denounce his brother as a "rascally young rebel." The feud between them grew stronger and stronger, and Bill was the more exasperated because his aged mother took part with the young patriot. She was often the arbitress between them, and while taking sides with the youngest, never omitted an opportunity to urge upon her eldest son the dangerous error into which he had fallen. The war at length fairly began. Gen. Washington led the patriot forces. The Declaration of Independence had been sent forth into the world, and the spirit of liberty had infused its inspiring enthusiasm in the hearts of the Colonists to such a degree that the Tories found it necessary to conceal their opinion, or fly to the ranks of the invading enemy. Many adopted the latter course, but the greater number of them chose to remain seemingly neutral, while at the same time they were acting as spies upon their neighbors and countrymen, or as guides to the predatory bands of the "red coats."

"Hiccoughing Bill," being too much of a coward to enter the British ranks, was

found among this latter class. He remained about the village until a few days previous to the massacre of Wyoming, when he suddenly disappeared. In the meantime, his brother Henry had joined one of the militia "train bands," raised in the three villages of Wyoming, Pottstown and Wilkesbarre, for mutual protection.

It is not our intention to relate the oft-told tale of the scenes of Wyoming, in the horrors of which the infant settlers of Wilkesbarre were participants. Suffice it for our object to state, that in consequence of the threatened attack upon Wyoming by the combined forces of Tories and Indians, Henry Crawford was summoned with his company to the defense of the devoted settlement. On the 3d of July, 1778, the unprotected settlers of the valley were confronted by their merciless enemies. Having gathered every man and boy capable of bearing a weapon, under the command of Zebulon Butler, a cousin of the wretch who led the attack upon the village, they sallied forth to drive back the invaders of their peace.

They were overpowered by numbers, and driven back to their fort for shelter; every one taken outside the fort was butchered in cold blood. Some fled to Pottstown, and others to Wilkesbarre, giving the alarm to the frightened people, who leaving their homes, fled towards the eastern mountains over a wilderness and swamp, many dying of fatigue, exposure and starvation in the flight, yet urged onward by the whoop of the merciless savages who followed on their track. But even these, with all their sufferings, escaped the still more terrible fate of their neighbors of Wyoming, who were wholly in the power of their infuriated enemies. To those who were taken, no quarters were shown; the men were put to death under the most frightful tortures that savage cruelty could invent, and the women and children having been gathered and fastened within the wooden fort, the building was set on fire and the whole consumed to ashes.

Among the last who fled from the general massacre was Henry Crawford, who, with an associate, threw away their guns, plunged into the Susquehanna, and swam for life to Mousekonoek Island, which lay between them and the eastern shore. So closely were they pursued, that the balls from the muskets and rifles of a band of Tories whistled about their heads. They succeeded, however, in reaching the island unharmed, and perceiving that their pursuers were already in the stream on chase, they deemed it most prudent to conceal themselves in the thicket, hoping that in a short time the enemy would give up the chase and return. Three of the pursuing party landed, bringing their guns with them. On reaching the shore, they halted and deliberately wiped and loaded their weapons. Then commenced a search for the fugitives. The Tories passed close by the spot where the companion of young Crawford lay concealed, without perceiving him, but through the interstices of the brushwood he could distinctly see their faces—one of which he recognized as the brother of his friend. It was no other than Bill Crawford, the Tory of Wilkesbarre.

A ray of hope entered the young man's mind at this discovery, for he naturally supposed that in case they should be discovered, the life of his friend, at least, if not his own, would be safe in the hands of his brother. He was not long in suspense. The party had not gone more than fifteen paces beyond his place of concealment, before he heard a shout of triumph. His friend was discovered, and the next moment he heard Bill's voice, who exclaimed: "Come out of that, you cursed rebel, and let us have a shot at you!"

Henry came out of the bush at this summons, and stood before his brother, but without uttering a word.

On discovering who it was, Bill started back, and uttered a laugh of joy. "So," he exclaimed, "it is you, is it, my young whelp of treason?"

At this moment one of the Tories raised his piece, and was about to level it at the young patriot, but Bill stopped him, exclaiming: "No, by God! this is my game, nobody shall interfere with me."

Then turning to his brother, with a devilish smile upon his face, and coolly examining the priming of his rifle, he said to him: "Say your prayers, boy, it's your last chance!"

"What!" exclaimed Henry, his face livid with agitation, "do you mean to shoot me, William? I am your brother, and in the name of our parents I entreat you not bring such a guilt upon your soul. You must not do it."

"But I will do it," retorted the callous hearted wretch; "you are a d-d rebel, and not no brother of mine. So make ready!"

With these words he levelled his rifle at his brother. The youth fell on his knees, imploring in the name of all that was near and dear to them for mercy. But he was treated in vain; there was no power of mercy in the soul of that stone-hearted Tory, and the voice of supplication was silenced by the report of the rifle! The fratricide stood before the dead body of his brother!

Seemingly satisfied with his hand, the three Tories, having secured themselves that the young man was quite dead, turned back toward the shore, and without searching further, swam the river again, and

joined their companions on the west bank. The young man who witnessed the bloody act, escaped to the eastern shore and continued on to the mountains, in the fastnesses of which he found many fugitives from the three devoted towns, and told them what he had witnessed. The old widow Crawford had perished in her flight from Wilkesbarre, and was thus happily spared the knowledge of her son's fate, and the fratricide, not venturing to appear again in the Valley of Wyoming, accompanied the British troops to Canada.

### CAN WE STAND A LONG WAR?

The New York Observer well remarks that when the rebellion obtained full headway, and the cost of the war began to develop, it was thought by financial men that the country could not prolong the struggle over eighteen months or two years. Business received the first shock, and staggered under it; a gloomy prospect loomed up; war and prosperity seemed to elude, and or the other must succumb. In the Southern States these opinions have proved true. The war has been confined to their territory, and they are now apparently well exhausted. Gold has reached a premium of 600 to 650 per cent. in Richmond, and the cost of everything in the same ratio. The North, however, has been increasing in wealth. The resources of the country are much greater than they were supposed to be; and while the war has cut off our cotton supply wherewith to pay our bills abroad, we have had a new channel opened to us in the exportation of cereals to supply the deficiency in Europe occasioned by their short crops during the past two years. Our debt is rolling up enormously, and is growing into huge proportions; but with the resources of the country fully developed and rightly managed, we can carry on this war for a number of years. Our population is receiving accessions daily from abroad, and instead of decreasing is on the increase. The means of supporting ourself upon our own products are within our own boundaries, and the war is the power which is daily bringing to view our internal strength and wealth. With this development, national power and feeling are strengthened; and the debt, although we do not think it a blessing, may be made the means of national security. If we look to history for example, take England when she waged war with France for twenty-three years—from 1792 to 1815—and we will find that as the war progressed the ability of the people to meet the increased taxation increased in the same proportion. The population increased, and the wealth and industry were also advanced. What was her internal resources compared with our own, and what was her population? She commenced the war with a population of a little over 20,000,000, and with a debt incurred by previous wars of \$1,200,000,000, upon which the interest was \$46,000,000, in addition to the ordinary expenses of a peace establishment. What did that war cost? Over and above the ordinary expenses of the Government on a peace footing—which were during that period \$100,000,000 annually—the sum raised each year was as follows:

1793,	\$20,800,000	1805,	\$260,000,000
1794,	50,000,000	1806,	250,000,000
1795,	90,000,000	1807,	280,000,000
1796,	130,000,000	1808,	285,000,000
1797,	175,000,000	1809,	305,000,000
1798,	145,000,000	1810,	310,000,000
1799,	180,000,000	1811,	330,000,000
1800,	180,000,000	1812,	400,000,000
1801,	225,000,000	1813,	480,000,000
1802,	220,000,000	1814,	445,000,000
1803,	145,000,000	1815,	430,000,000
1804,	200,000,000		
Total,	\$5,500,000,000		

The total, together with the cost of the peace establishment, swells the amount to \$7,870,000,000. She ended that war stronger than she commenced it. Her object was an aggressive one; ours is one of defence, self-preservation. That which our fathers bequeathed to us in honor, we should hold. No matter how great the cost in money and in blood, our honor, our national existence, the hopes of the oppressed in foreign lands, hold us accountable for the issue. If we are successful, we shall hand down a debt to our children; but it will not equal the debt of gratitude that they and other nations will owe to the present generation for the preservation and perpetuity of our free institutions.

ARE BED BUGS INVINCIBLE.—A few evenings since, in our "private club," there was a learned dissertation—Subject, "Bed Bugs, and their remarkable tenacity to life." One asserted, of his own knowledge, that they could be boiled and then come to life. Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequence. Old Hanks, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he: "Some years ago, I took a bed-bug to an iron foundry, and dropped it into the ladle where the melted iron was, had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constantly for six years, and here the other day it got broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole, where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost, up stairs! But," added he, by way of parenthesis, "he looked mighty pale."

A film friend is like the shadow on the sun-dial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.

### JAMES BUCHANAN.

Read the following item about this miserable old traitor, taken warning from the subject, and ever remain faithful to your country.

A Harrisburg, (Pa.) correspondent of the Pittsburgh Chronicle writes: "A curious incident occurred to me on my return from Philadelphia yesterday, to this place. At Downingtown an aged man, with profuse, white flaxen whiskers, his long, white hair hanging over his coat collar, entered the cars. His hat was broad in the rim, and showed a large sized head under it; the face is beginning to sink from its flabby roundness, and the cheek bones; the large eyes, one of which is slightly drawn aside, rolled around restlessly and nervously. Alone he entered the cars with a small portmanteau in his hand. No one accompanied him. No one greeted him upon his entrance, though his uselessness of manner showed that he expected at least respect, if not adulation. Not a single salutation, either by offer of a hand or any other token of recognition was given. The tremulous motion of head and hands showed that age was laying its hands heavily upon him. Seventy-five years was superinduced the debility which precedes paralysis. The step was feeble and the form bowed.

"I sat for an hour a silent but attentive observer of all that transpired about him. Gloomy, absorbed and silent as he sat, as one who felt keenly that power had departed, and that with it had gone his influence. Many of the passengers and among them soldiers on board, peered curiously at him, as they would at some wild animal of an unknown species in a menagerie. The soldiers after looking at him, would pass into the forward cars and curse him bitterly. Yet with all this dissatisfaction of his presence, there was no open insult by look, gesture or expression in his presence, inflicted upon him. They respected too much the majestic sacredness of the office he had once filled.

"The train at last reached Lancaster. A crowd was found surrounding the cars, as there always is at that place. The old man passed out as tremulously as he entered. No kind smile, no greeting, no warm shake of the hands, no eyes beaming with delight, as they are wont to upon one who has borne the highest honors his country could confer, when those honors have remained green and beautiful until honor is laid down and life departs. Shuffling slowly along down the platform he only met one person who noticed him—a poor aged janitor of the side-rooms of the depot. Even this meeting was hailed with lively satisfaction. The interview lasted one moment, and like a fleeting shadow James Buchanan passed into the main street of Lancaster, solitary and sad amid his neighbors and those who were his friends in former years. What a commentary upon such a career! Will not history and posterity confirm its justice? How horrid it must be to undergo such a living death, to lead such a disintegrated existence. Even this world contains many of the premonitory punishments of the next. I think this 'old man' of Wheatland is subject to them."

HEAVY ON WHITE CLOUD.—Sol. Miller, in the last number of the Kansas Chief, published the following letter from an indignant subscriber who resides in St. Joe: A P. Rile the 23, 1863.

Mr. Miller sir I take my pen in hand to inform you that have not had but 2 numbers of the Chease sense I have bin here which is about six weeks and when I pay my munny I wont the worth Of it I wont you to be sure and mail it and see if it dont com then wee will tri to find where the fault lie.

St Joseph Mo sury  
tell them god damn methodist that I have not for got them the way that tated me I name there with the intent to live my intent was to take out lions but the damn horse theives niger stealing sons uv bitches uv methodist that eve drop my house to kotch me sell liquor to the indents tell them that hell is full uv sith christians and I think the devil has got a billey sale uv white Clouds.

In a recent interview with the Secretary of War, Mr. Arnold, Member of Congress from Illinois, learned the following particulars of the new draft: The action under the law will be, first to return to the army all the absentees and deserters; second, the draft will be made first in those States and districts which have failed to furnish their quota under calls heretofore made; third, such of the States as have furnished more than their proportion of volunteers heretofore called for will be credited with such excess, and no draft will probably be ordered in such States until the number of troops furnished by the several States shall have been equalized by drafts in those States which are behind.

An old Frenchman in New York, entered a stockbroker's office, in William street, the other day, and said that he had seen in his life-time the United States Government in two wars—in 1812 and 1846 (Mexican)—and that he had seen the debts created by those wars paid off. He would trust a Government which paid off its debts twice in his life-time, and be wished to invest one hundred thousand in Government securities.

### ADVENTURE WITH A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

One of the most thrilling incidents which has ever come to our knowledge, occurred a few days since in a "side show" with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie, where two enormous snakes—an anaconda and a boa-constructor—were on exhibition. Both of the huge reptiles are kept in one case, with a glass top, opening at the side, and the keeper was engaged in the act of feeding them when the event occurred. The longer of the snakes, the boa-constructor, which is some thirty feet long and as large around the middle as a man's thigh, had just swallowed two rabbits, when the keeper introduced his arm or body into the cage for the purpose of reaching a third to the anaconda, at the opposite corner. While in this position the boa, not satisfied with his share of the ration, made a spring, probably with the intention of securing the remaining rabbit, but instead, fastening his jaws upon the keeper's hand, with the rapidity of lightning, threw three coils around the poor fellow, thus rendering him entirely helpless. His shouts of distress at once brought several men to his assistance, and among them, fortunately, was a well known showman, named Townsend, a man of great muscular power, and what was of much more importance, one who had been familiar with the habits of these repulsive monsters all his life, having owned some of the largest ones ever brought to this country. The situation of the keeper was now perilous in the extreme. The first thing to be done was to uncoil the snake from around him, but if in attempting this the reptile should become in the least degree angered, he would, in a second, contract his coils with a power sufficient to crush the life out of an ox. A single quick convulsion of the creature, and the keeper's soul would be in eternity! This Townsend fully understood; so without attempting to disturb the boa's hold upon the keeper's hand, he managed, by powerful, yet extremely cautious movements, to uncoil the snake without exciting him, after which, by the united exertions of two strong men, the jaws were pried open, and the man released in a completely exhausted condition. The bite of the boa-constructor is not poisonous, and although the bitten hand was immensely swollen the next day, no serious results were apprehended. A more narrow escape from a most horrible death it would be difficult to imagine.

### THE DIVISIONS OF TIME.

The division of time into periods of seven days each was in use among the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews, and is borrowed by the latter from the Mosiac account of creation. If, according to some modern philosophers, that account is of uncertain origin, a mere oriental myth, then every successive week as it occurs is an explained historical phenomenon. Both Christians and Mohammedans adopted this division from the Hebrews; the Greeks and Romans received it with the introduction of Christianity after the reign of Theodosius. The names of the successive days were those of the seven heavenly bodies with which the old Egyptian astronomers were most familiar; the sun, the moon, and five planets, which, however, they did not name as we do in the order of their nearness to the sun, but successively, as Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn. This institution of the week, though originating in the Old Testament and propagated by the New, spread much farther and faster than the truths on which it was built; the Roman names of the planets and of the days over which they presided were those of their own divinities, and the Teutonic nations from which we descend, while they retained the sun and the moon, substituted for the other five days the corresponding names of their own mythology. Hence our English week is an early Jewish institution with pagan names: the sun's day, the moon's day, Tuise's day, Woden's day, Thor's day, Friga's day, Sester's day. It is remarkable that the week is recognized by the Brahminic astronomers, the days being named from the same planets and in the same order as that of the Egyptians, but beginning with Friday or the day of Venus. The Egyptian week began on Saturday. The people of China and Thibet have a week of five days, named from what they consider the five elements, iron, wood, water, feathers and earth. The name of the first day of the last week, Easter Sunday, is supposed to be derived from a feast of the Teutonic Ostara, the goddess of spring, which name the early missionaries retained, while supplanting it by the Christian festival; or it may be derived from the Saxon word oster, which signified rising.

OUTRAGEOUS!—What manner of man must he be who perpetrated the following parody:

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither 'neath the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all—  
"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"  
—HERMAN.  
Men have their time to talk,  
To "gas," to "spin long yarns," for it is human,  
And parrots theirs to mock—  
"I'll arrive to say that thou hast all seasons for thy everlasting tongue, O woman!"

Never confide in a young man; new pale look. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors never shut closely.

### CAUSES OF THE PHENOMENA IN ORGANIC NATURE.—THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Of late years men of science and others have wrangled much over Mr. Darwin's work on "The Origin of Species." In most of the English and American reviews his treatise has been severely criticised, as having an infidel tendency; not on account of the facts therein given, but the conclusion of the author. He appears to have been very generally misunderstood, judging from a most interesting little work just issued by D. Appleton & Co., this city, being the publication of six lectures delivered to workmen, by Thomas H. Huxley, F. R. S., Professor of Natural History in the School of Mines, London. Broadly stated, the subject of these lectures consists of an inquiry into the origin of species and a discussion on the causes of the phenomena in organic nature.

The meaning of organic nature is something that grows, has life and reproductive powers. It is exemplified in the seed of a plant in contradistinction to a grain of sand. Organic nature embraces the vegetable and animal kingdom, as entirely distinct in functions from rocks, fluids, and what chemists call "elementary matter." Animals and plants are divided by naturalists into groups, and these into kingdoms, sub-kingdoms, provinces, classes, orders, families, genera and species. It was once very generally believed (and many persons entertain such whims still) that there was such a thing as spontaneous generation—that is, mere elementary matter, such as pure water or mineral dust exposed in favorable positions, to light and heat, would bring forth vegetation and animals spontaneously. Hence it has been asserted that, if there is such phenomena as the spontaneous generation of life, according to the "development theory" of some naturalists and the views of Mr. Darwin on the origin of species, man may have been developed from the lowest forms of spontaneous generation. If such views were founded on facts in natural history, pantheism, viz: that "God is nature and nature is God," would be supported upon a very firm foundation.

Mr. Darwin does not discuss the question of spontaneous generation at all, and science completely silence pantheism. Every organism commences existence in an egg-cell or seed, and each seed is believed to have been specially created, with special functions and powers of reproduction, as stated in the scriptures. M. Pasteur, a distinguished French chemist, has lately made a great number of carefully conducted experiments to test the theory of spontaneous generation. The result of his labors seem to be conclusive against the theory; no such property as spontaneous creation belongs to elementary matter acted upon by the forces of nature. An old and bitterly disputed question thus appears now to be settled scientifically.

Another question of much dispute seems to be settled by Mr. Darwin; thus the Caucasian, the Malay, and the Negro, according to his facts, are varieties of species and may all have descended from a single pair, as set forth in the Scriptures. On the other hand, Prof. Agassiz and others believe that they have descended from different original pairs, and thus they would really be different orders. In 1793, a new variety of sheep was produced by Seth Wright of Massachusetts. He had a flock, the members of which were specially gifted with the power of jumping fences, and thus forming the proprietor and his neighbors. In one accidental buck lamb, which had very short bowed legs, the acute mind of Seth Wright saw a remedy for his troublesome fence-jumpers, and by careful breeding he at last obtained an entire flock of long-bodied short-legged sheep, called the "otter breed," from this single buck, which could not jump a foot-rail. Various species of hogs, dogs and pigeons have been in the same manner. In structure they are different from others of the same genus, but psychologically they are identical. There is a well defined limit to organic varieties in animals. Two entirely different races may mix; but their progeny, as in the case of mules, become sterile. Professor Huxley states that there is no reliable exception to this law.

The rapid powers of production in plants from a single specimen, is set forth by Prof. Huxley as follows:—"Suppose the habitable part of the globe to be 51,000,000 square miles, and the climate and soil equal over that space, it may be entirely covered in nine years from the product of a single plant bearing fifty seeds, each plant requiring one foot of soil for support." It is hardly conceivable that the whole stated available surface of the earth could be stocked in about nine years from a single plant, yet the figures demonstrate such a possibility.—Scientific American.

A good story is told of a Federal officer's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing, and the lovely female present occupied a chair near the window, without a partner. Stepping up to the lady, with a palpitating heart he exclaimed: "Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?" "Yes, sir-ree!" she replied, "for I've sot, and sot, till I've lost lak root!"

Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.